

# HALL LOVED TOTS, SAYS CHARLOTTE; WISHED HE HAD 'DOZEN OF HIS OWN'

## Was Always Ready For Game or Romp At Church Parties

What allurements led Mrs. Eleanor Mills to her fatal love for the Rev. Edward Hall? What craving did he satisfy in her colorless life? In "My Story," Charlotte Mills, daughter of the woman victim of the Hall-Mills murder, discloses the significant background of the most famous murder mystery in American criminal history.

In the four years since the crime, Charlotte Mills has been silent and reticent, but the fullness of her suffering heart has proved more than she can bear. Now she tells her story—a moving story of life. Today she presents an intimate picture of the unconventional Rev. Hall.

## My Own Story of My Mother's Love and Murder

Charlotte Mills

### HAPPIER TIMES

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About the time when Dan was just beginning school and I was around nine or ten, things seemed to get a little happier at home—I hardly know why, unless it was mother's church work. She always had been crazy about it, but now she was singing in the choir and that made her very proud and delighted.

Whenever she wasn't actually doing housework at home, or sewing, she was doing church work. She sewed for the church and she sewed at home. She made every stitch of clothes she wore, both dresses and underwear, and all of mine. She even made my brother's clothes.

She would cut down my father's pants and the ones my uncles sent her to make suits for Dan. Anything to save a dollar here and there. Money was always our trouble. It caused more quarrels in our family than anything else.

Anything else except animals. I was wild about cats and was always dragging home some scrawny kitten. Poor mother nearly had a fit.

### Slept With Squirrel

Any kind of a small animal made me happy. My father used to shoot squirrels and once I got hold of one and sneaked it to bed with me. I slept with the dead squirrel in my arms all night long and when they got it away from me I screamed till I was sick. Mother promised I could have the skin after father had cleaned and fixed it. For months I used to sleep with the squirrel-skin against my face. I used to take mice out of the trap if they didn't watch me, and even lately I had a rabbit that I loved so that I hated to have it out of my hand a minute.

A terrible thing happened once. Some friends asked us to dinner and thought it was a great joke

## Kinship of Hearts Shattered by Death



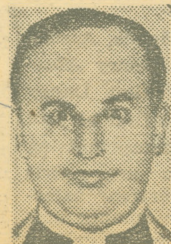
CHARLOTTE MILLS (at left) was her mother's confidante. Theirs was a true kinship of souls, but the bond of their confidences was shattered by the tragedy which claimed the lives of Mrs. Eleanor Mills (right) and the man she loved, the Rev. Edward W. Hall. Now Charlotte Mills tells the true story of her mother's strange romance.

when they told me in the middle of it that it was a rabbit I had been petting a little while before. I shall never get over that in all my life. Oh, I felt just as I used to when I was very little and was sick and frightened and mother had to hold me all night and tell me stories and sing to me.

### Always Singing

When I was about eight or nine mother began to sing around the house a lot. I loved to hear her. She had a pretty voice, quite a high soprano, and she practiced for her choir work all the time, even in the kitchen. Sometimes she would sing little German songs and tried to make me learn the words, but I couldn't.

As I say, she had always worked for the church ever since I can remember—long before Mr. Hall came there as minister. But after he came she worked harder than ever. Often she used to take me to the church with her and let me help around. I loved it, and as soon as ever I set eyes on Mr. Hall I loved him. Every child loved him, and grown people, too. He was the kind of man you couldn't help loving.



Rev. E. W. Hall



Dan Mills

He wasn't exactly handsome, but he was clean-cut and manly and jolly and friendly with every one. He said he liked informal people

better than formal ones and that he would rather go into a greasy little hut and take off his coat and help than to card parties and receptions where he had to pretend.

### Life of the Party

The games he used to play with us kids! "Going to Jerusalem" and "Slide, Kelley, Slide," and "Prisoner's Base" and "Blind Man's Buff," and often he would make up games himself if we got tired of the old ones. When choir rehearsal was going on the children and young people would go into the parish house and have fun, and Mr. Hall was "the life of the party" every time. If it was "Blind Man's Buff" he would always snatch off his glasses and be the first one to have the handkerchief tied over his eyes, and in "Slide, Kelley, Slide," he was the liveliest "boy" there. We used to slide him off on to the floor many a time, and the more things we would do to him the better he liked it.

He loved children better than anything in the world, I guess. Once I heard him say, "I wish I had a dozen!" He certainly knew how to play with them, and he could teach you things and give you good advice without making you tired. I went with my Grandmother Mills once to a mothers' meeting, and while the older people were talking in their room Mr. Hall picked me up and played "piggy back" with me all around the parish house!

### Eager to Help All

He was so kind; he would do anything for anybody. One time there was a church picnic at Asbury Park, and mother took Dan and me along—that is, I started with the rest, but I ran across a couple of girl friends and they

were going to Allenhurst for a ride in one of the boys' cars. So I got off with them at Allenhurst and didn't go to Asbury Park at all, thinking we'd drive over later and that nobody would miss us.

But mother found I wasn't there, and got scared. Mr. Hall started right out to hunt for me. He looked all over, up one street and down the other. I guess it took him an hour or two. Well, as my friends and I were passing a corner, we saw him and waved. He didn't say a thing then, but went back to mother and said we were all right and perfectly safe and having a fine time, and that she mustn't worry. That's the kind of man he was—not to scold us and tell us to come and stay with the others. He understood us and knew we'd come back all right; and we did.

### Found Missing Dan

Another time Dan sneaked off on one of the picnics and went away with some boys without asking. Mother was frightened to death when she missed him, and off went Mr. Hall. This time he dragged Dan back. I suppose he was afraid he might get into trouble. But generally he just quietly let us alone and took back the news to mother that we were all right. He would have done the same for anybody, not alone mother.

Any one of us kids in the Sunday school would have died for Mr. Hall. If he asked us to do any little thing, we jumped to do it, girls and boys both. When I first got to know him, I used to say to myself, "Oh, what a wonderful thing it would be to have a daddy like him. He was just made to be somebody's father!"

(Tomorrow Charlotte Mills tells

how her mother turned to the church for consolation in her life of drudgery. She relates how her mother, even in her distressing poverty, bought a picture as a present for the Rev. Hall. She tells, too, how, after a quarrel at home, she and her mother slept all night in Mr. Hall's study. Don't miss a word of this amazing human document.)

## Channel Victor's Children to Head Monster Parade

Four-year-old Clemington Corson and his sister, Margaret, two years his junior, will head the parade a week from tomorrow which will welcome

their mother, Mrs. Clemington Corson (Mille Gade) on her return from conquering the English Channel. The children will meet their mother when she lands at the foot of West 96th Street, after which she will ride to the City Hall to receive the congratulations of Mayor Walker.



Mayor Walker

Upon her arrival, Mrs. Corson will be taken up the Hudson at the head of a naval procession, with gayly decorated boats, and possibly several navy seaplanes in line. She will land at West 96th Street, near the training ship Illinois, where she was a swimming instructor before her Channel exploit.

## Warn French Ace Not to Use Plane Without Berry

A new turn in the controversy between Capt. Rene Fonck, French

ace, and the Argonauts, Inc., over his refusal to take Capt. Homer M. Berry, veteran American aviator, on the New York to Paris flight, was taken in a warning issued by the backers of the project to prohibit the Frenchman from using the biplane.

The warning was made in a letter sent to the Sikorsky Manufacturing Company, builders of the plane, notifying them not to permit any person to take the plane up except some one at present an employee of the company. This would bar—and it was admitted that such was its purpose—Capt. Fonck from again flying the plane except with the permission of Col. H. E. Hartney, vice-president of the Argonauts.

The proposed flight of the plane to Washington today was postponed until Tuesday by Sikorsky, on account of adverse weather conditions.

**LOS ANGELES'S TRIP DELAYED**  
LAKEHURST, Sept. 3.—Heavy clouds caused postponement of a proposed flight of the naval dirigible Los Angeles today for calibration work.

**GRILLED, ENDS LIFE**  
WASHINGTON, PA., Sept. 3 (By U. P.).—While being grilled in connection with the death of a local society girl, Dr. Roger S. Parry, 45, prominent physician and former army surgeon, committed suicide last night.